

The Kissing Bridge

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Summary:

Eddie follows what he finds curious.

The Kissing Bridge

Eddie sets his sights on a certain glasses wearing boy, biking away from where he sits on his bike. He had scammed his mother into thinking he was going to Bill's house. He just took a ride, to think, to take a breath away from his mom's controlling gaze.

He felt curiosity bubble in the pit of his stomach and spill over. So he trails behind Richie, keeping himself at a safe distance. They hit the kissing bridge and Eddie hides himself away from Richie's sight, lucky that he's made it this far without notice. He peeks from his hiding spot, under the covered portion of the bridge.

At this point, Richie has a knife out, carving at the bridge. Eddie feels his hands shake as he takes out his inhaler, taking a few puffs of it. Eddie feels his legs move, without his prerogative. They're moving quietly and slowly.

He sees the letters Richie inscribed onto the bridge.

"R + E" and suddenly Eddie was frozen.

He couldn't move his legs any further, his heart is pounding and knees weak.

"Richie?"

Richie's head snaps up, knife colliding with the ground. Richie can feel his knees shake, the prolonged squatting already causing stress to his joints.

"E-Eddie?" He covers the letters and turns.

Eddie stands there rigid and still. Too surprised and shocked to do much else than hyperventilate.

"It's not what it look like Eds." Richie supplies, trembling and scared.

"I-I doubt that Richie." He says just as quiet.

Richie can only worry about whether or not Eddie will hate him for what he saw or for being gay or for anything.

"F-fuck, I'm sorry Eds, please don't hate me."

Eddie finally felt the urge to walk to him. So he did and he sits criss cross apple sauce right next to the shaking boy. He thinks about the inhaler in his hand, but with what he's about to say, he's never been more sure, more confident.

"There's nothing to be sorry for 'Che."

Eddie takes Richie's wrist and moves his hand away from the wood. Richie locks eyes with him, lips parted, breathing a little more steadily.

"There isn't?" He asks, slowly sitting criss cross as well.

"Nope."

Richie looks at him, pathetically and tears nearly surfacing in his eyes. "Why? Don't you hate me for being a flamer?"

Eddie's eyes move back and forth between the "R + E" and Richie's face.

"Do-don't you hate me f-for l-loving y-you?"

"Nope." Eddie's says, matter-of-factly.

"Why? Why aren't you fucking disgusted or yelling at me? Why aren't you calling me names or some shit? Wh-" Richie is getting spastic and frantic.

Eddie cuts him off, pulling him close and kissing him. "That's why."

"Fuck."

Eddie takes Richie's hand in his. "I like you too 'Che."

Richie feels a single tear run down his face. "You do?"

Eddie nods, rubbing his hand.

"I'm so glad Eds. I'm so fucking glad."

Author's Note:

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